English Millionaires.

The London *Spectator* gives a list of wealthy Englishmen who have died since 1862, leaving fortunes exceeding a quarter of a million pounds ($1,250,000,) and says:

Ten persons, therefore, have expired in Great Britain within the decade leaving more than a million, fifty-three leaving more than a half million, and a hundred and sixty-one, leaving more than a quarter of a million sterling. These fortunes are exclusive altogether of fortunes still more numerous and vast, invested in land, and are, for two reasons, which we will explain, very considerably understated, both in extent and number. They are understated in extent, because the official appraisers are bound, when estimating the value of a business, to be extremely lenient; and concerns really indestructible, or at all events safe for a generation, are taxed as if they were worth only two or three years' purchase. This is perfectly just, because although Mr. Bass's brewery, or Baron Rothschild's bank, or the *Times* newspaper may be worth fifty years' purchase to their owner, yet other breweries, banks, and newspapers may be worth only two or three, and the same rule must, in fairness, be applied to all. Moreover, the value of brains employed in any great business is so large a portion of its capital, that a rigid estimate is impossible. The estimate for certain other descriptions of personalty—for example, libraries—is usually lenient, an estimate of auction value rather than of real value, and the totals, therefore, may be accepted as well within the mark. The number, moreover, is no indication as to the number of such fortunes in existence. Men have been accumulating since history began, but the scale of accumulation has varied exceedingly from age to age. We have no space for the inquiry just now, but we think we could prove that no private individual in our day, not even the late Baron James Rothschild, ever possessed such a fortune—estimating it by the quantity of wheat it would buy—as one or two of the Roman nobles, while just before the discovery of America, great fortunes were in apparent amount ridiculously small. There is strong evidence to prove that Charles V.'s bankers, the Fuggers, whose wealth made them Princes with sovereign rights—their heir is defying Bavaria at this minute to expel him as a Jesuit because he is a mediatized Prince—never had more than a quarter of a million, while in 1780 scarcely any Englishman could have produced half a million, perhaps not one. The new scale, under which a man with less than a million is, among rich men, quite poor, and men can be quoted worth twenty millions, has only been in force twenty years, and most of the new millionaires have not had time to die. We expect, should we be able to repeat this record ten years hence, to find it enormously enlarged, both in scale and number, venturing to predict confidently that it will contain at least a hundred fortunes exceeding a million sterling, the figure which we may in 1872 accept as the lowest at which a mercantile or financial grandee could begin to think that he should by and by be almost a prosperous man. If the account should then, under some new law, include the landed fortunes, it will be swollen out of all knowledge, for no truth about English property is so certain as this—that no man in England can become wealthy without part of his wealth going to the owners of the soil, and especially to three individuals, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Portman.

With these allowances, the list we have given is still a curious and almost startling proof of the wealth which is accumulating in these Island, and which if it does not tempt conquest—think what a British indemnity would be!—may carry us through long seasons of serious calamity. The well-known names in that list are as few as the plums in a poor man's cake. There are men in the city, no doubt—bankers, and loan dealers, and brokers, men whose interest it is to know the millionaire peerage—who can recognize every name, and can tell you how the money was made; but to the mass of our readers the majority will be as unknown as the lady who this week allowed a fortune of a quarter of a million to be forfeited to the Crown. Seven in ten of them will be known only to a locality, two in ten only to a family circle, and one in ten may be called absolutely unknown. There is one in particular about whom almost any group of educated men would affirm that his very name was impossible, and could not exist. Very few of them outside the Peerage were in any way conspicuous, or suspected by the general public of being more than ordinarily wealthy. They lived quietly, occupied themselves in supervising some large business, and let their fortunes grow. In quiet streets in London, and the great cities, especially of the north, there are hundreds of such men, "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," but leading quiet, unostentatious lives, making no boast of their wealth, spending or saving it as it seems good to them, but in neither case demanding from the community the kind of recognition and deference which on the Continent are accorded to exceptional riches. Clever aristocrats snap up their daughters for their sons, sometimes, or their sons for their daughters, but that is nearly the sole privilege or suffering which marks them out from the rank of well-to-do middle-class men. They are very seldom extravagant, except in a quiet way, spending, for instance, enormously on a hobby like fruit-culture—we should like to know the real cost of the peaches annually consumed in England—though they are apt to contract a taste for a practice which is really an odd method of investment, but looks superficially like an extravagance. The millionaires of to-day, like the old Italian nobles, are maniacs for collecting. They fix, often by accident, on some object, and ransack the earth in search of it. The present form of this mania is not the Horace Walpole form, but a new one—that of collecting articles which, besides their other merits, will keep and sell again. A quiet man, whose name is unknown three streets off, will produce to his intimates a collection of sapphires no crowned head could rival, and which he has bought he scarcely knows why, except that sapphires are beautiful and indestructible, and as "good" as most bonds. Another tells you, without any idea of ostentation, that he has "most of the jade that was in the Winter Palace," say £60,000 worth. A third has plates on his ground floor worth half a plum, while a fourth has a passion for pictures like that of Mr. J. Gillott. Nobody ever hears of these purchases, but if at the other end of the earth a sale is going on of objects they covet, they hear of it, and somehow the articles make their way to England. The concrete wealth, the "portable property," as one of Dickens' characters calls it, which is in this way shovelled upon our shores every year is almost incredible, as is the growth of the desire for purchasing costly and beautiful things. The dealers who supply them multiply like the millionaires. They wander everywhere—Italy and Japan, for example, are at this moment being searched as it were with microscopes—and they always find a market. Hidden away in plain houses or shops which seem to be full of rubbish, are treasures that would have delighted Louis Quatorze. People repeat with a smile the phrase attributed to Blucher and to Platoff, that London would be "a splendid place to plunder," but they do not realize to themselves what the amount of plunder would be, or what would be the loss in another great fire, or how high and broad the mass of wealth deposited each year in Great Britain is gradually growing.

It may be said, indeed always is said, by the educated virtuosi who begin to swarm in London, that the millionaires waste money in these purchases, but we doubt if that is the case. Now and then you hear of a rich man who has spent a plum on rubbishy pictures, or still more rubbishy manuscripts, or who will buy jewels by candle-light, and so on; but, as a rule, the millionaires take good care of themselves. They spend a little to acquire their education, but they have clear brains to help them; they are jealous of their reputations for business ability, and they learn the values of cameos as they would of grey shirtings, and so are very seldom "done." Sometimes they become marvelously acute. Mr. —— is a new man, but just try to pass a forgery on him for a Petitot; and Mr. —— looks very stupid, but the cleverest Jew dealer in Venice will not get out of him sixpence more than its value for the piece of lace which to other eyes is a piece of lace, but which, when it comes home, Mr. Heywood will verify as matchless. It is the would-be connoisseurs who are "done," not the millionaires. Nor do we perceive that they deprave taste very much, as they are accused of doing. They are shocking architects, no doubt, very often, chiefly because they enjoy the only bit of creative work they can indulge in so much that they grow impatient of scientific advice; but taste, as far as we can learn, does not grow worse, but better, as witness the great improvement in furniture, the extinction of costly tawdriness in dress, the inconceivable improvement in glass and porcelain, and the sudden enthusiasm for the Oriental style of color, a style as remote from the vulgar English taste as the design of a modern dinner-plate is from the willow-pattern. It takes time to cultivate the eyes of a race like ours, which is not taught by its climate to fly from garish brilliancy; but it is not from this side that we dread the accumulation of wealth in Britain, but from a very different one. Great wealth now gives so much, so much even of intellectual enjoyment, so much freedom, variety, and pleasure to life, that even the wise and good begin to hunger for it, and to postpone to its acquisition the efforts which alone can advance the world. Money is not the root of evil only, by any means, but still, which spiritual truth of the few we have—say, for example, the duty of sympathy—or which proved political doctrine, or which science, or, to go lower, which proposition in Euclid, would the nation sell for another million sterling a year?

Jokers Among the English Kings.

George II. was not a humorist, but he would have made a first-rate actor of "genteel comedy" had not fate cast him for another line of characters in the drama of life. Shortly after his accession he commanded a play at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The house was full, but as the King it waiting, the murmurs of their displeasure fell upon his ear as he entered his box, three quarters of an hour behind time. As he caught the unwelcome sounds he turned to Mr. Rich, the manager, who waited on him, as if he might gather from that official some explanation of the phenomenon. The greatest of the intellectual harlequins of England honestly told the King that His Majesty was late and the audience did not seem to like it. Whereupon the sovereign assumed the air of an unrighteously suspected prince. He advanced to the front of his box, took out his watch with the apparent conviction that it was an arbitrator which would render him justice, and looking upon it saw that it showed the time which he knew it to be. Then he appeared in a change of character. He gazed at the audience with an expression bespeaking a guilty but a repentant prince. He put himself as much outside of his box as the laws of balance would allow, and shaking his wigged head, and very much powder out of it, he laid his jeweled hand on the heart side of his sky-blue velvet coat, and made a bow to the house, so superb in its apologetic pantomime that the audience burst forth into hilarious hurrahing and applauding, and all other possible symptoms, to demonstrate their gladness and to express their consent to a full reconciliation of prince and people. The thespian element was very strong, too, in the eldest son of George the Third. If the First Gentleman in Europe had not been borne a prince he might have made a very good livelihood as an actor. High or low comedy, it would have been all the same to a player of such versatility. He could have played *Rover* like Elliston, and his imitations were as good as Mr. Toole's. The best-wigged prince in Christendon has, fortunately, had a historian who makes record of his royal hero in the histrionic part of his profession. Raikes is the chronicler, but the Duke of Wellington was the fountain of intelligence. "When the King sent for me," said F. M. the Duke of Wellington to Raikes, "to form a new administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket and a turban night-cap, one as greasy as the other; for, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the Cabinet is defunct;' and then he began to describe the manner in which the late Ministers had taken leave of him on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter." This exhibition has been considered a proof of the King's bad taste, which it may be allowed to do. But there was equal bad taste on the part of the Duke. If he had looked grave the old bedridden Prince-actor would have been rebuked. Moreover, the King was quite as capable and quite as willing to give an imitation of Arthur. Inimitable as the latter was in certain respects, there were certain peculiarities about him which the King would have hit off with as intense delight as he felt when mimicking His Majesty's servants, Viscounts Goderich and Palmerston.

Modern English Burlesque.—It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that what is called burlesque acting is borrowed from those out-door mummers who tickle the midriffs of a crowd by pulling odd faces, putting their legs round their own necks, singing queer songs, and repeating buffooning jokes. It is nothing but a development of the pantomime, and your burlesque actor is little more than another shape of the clown. This language will not seem too strong, if we analyze the average burlesque. In every company there is the forward, good-looking young woman, who makes her lower limbs flourish like the Isle of Man Arms, who can sing a pert and almost impudent song, and above all is most at home in a spangled page's dress—that is, a stage page's dress—for in no Court in Europe, at least frequented by decent ladies, would such a costume have been tolerated. This young person must figure in every foolery as Prince Pettytoes or the young Marquis, with an eye-glass and umbrella, accompanied by the spangled satin tights. The wretched monotony of these characters, and the invariable repetition of the points, show how poor and limited is the capability of burlesque. There is a miserable round of conventional tricks, chiefly taken from the music halls—and, indeed, many of these young ladies graduate at the "halls" and bring these stale devices from their Alma Mater, which are repeated *ad nauseam*. For instance, when a secret is to be communicated there is but the one "common form"—the two parties stepping down to the front with grotesque steps, as if in time to music, "bobbing" their heads, looking round mysteriously, and conveying the effect of doing something very droll. The heart sinks when we see this poverty-stricken programme beginning. There are scores of burlesques, too, where the situation is that the characters go tripping round, crossing each other, not forgetting the regulation formula for getting off, at the end of some grotesque dance—viz., by jumping like a kangaroo. Another conventional character in the burlesque is the storming or raging King, with his Queen, (usually played by a gentleman,) while another is the leading cocnie character, some monstrosity of "making up"—some terrible *chef d'œuvre* of smearing, smirching, and masquerading. A combination of a modern hat with a Roman dress—a modern dress with a Roman hat—some such nightmare of costume is all that is required. All, of course, wholly outside the regions of fun; paint, patches, and dress being hardly recognized as elements of genuine humor. These, indeed, belong to the mountebanks, and it is an unfair "poaching" on their manors.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mori, Japanese Minister at Washington, has received the details of the new educational system of Japan, which embraces the organization of eight colleges, two hundred and fifty-six high schools, and over fifty-three thousand public schools, at which attendance will be compulsory for all children above six.

In a Bad Way.—The Call, on Sunday, with great kindness gave up a portion of its space to six verses called "Love Unrequited," written by Elise de H. Lise—we hope she won't mind our calling her Lise for short—commences her wonderful "poem" thus:

> Ah, do not go! I love thee,
> How much, I scarce dare tell;
> For I must keep the secret,
> Though I love thee, oh, so well!
> Ah, linger by me, darling,
> With thy warm hand clasped in mine:
> Though my eyelids strive to shadow
> Love's telegraphic sign.

Now we call that rather a pretty way of expressing it. "Though my eyelids strive to shadow Love's telegraphic sign" means that she feels too weak to wink at him. Lise is altogether too passive in this matter; she might squeeze darling's hand, or do something; winking wouldn't be much use even if she could wink, and she says she can't. She says "A woman must dissemble," and therefore she daren't let the fellow know how much she loves him. She thinks there ought to be a certain amount of delicacy in these matters; she feels bad, but doesn't want the fellow to know it; she's modest and retiring, so she thinks she will give him a hint in a quiet sort of way, by writing a lot of doggerel and sticking it in the *Morning Call*, daily circulation 28,340, with her name at the bottom of it. Oh, how very thin all that bashfulness is. We'll bet two-and-a-half the fellow will be so scared by these lines that he won't ever again dare walk down the street 'Lise lives on.—*Figaro.*

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "Some years ago Prince Bismarck and Count Beust agreed at Gastein to cause inquiries to be made in their respective States into the condition of the laboring classes, and to exchange the result of this *enquete*. To carry out this understanding some Austrian and Prussian counsellors have recently met here, and are now engaged in communicating to each other statistics and other materials collected for the purpose. The conference is regarded as rather superfluous here as well as at Vienna. In the first place, if the gentlemen intrusted with the task have aught else to do than to compare notes, it is very improbable they will do it so effectively as it might be done by the scholars and experts were the reports published; and secondly, even the comparing of notes cannot be of much use, as with the exception of a province or two, the state of Austrian society is too different from the Prussian to admit of being placed side by side."

The English newspapers learn that Mrs. Stapleton Brotherton, of Ditton Hall, near Prescot, has placed her mansion at the disposal of such members of the Jesuit body as may be driven to England from Germany, and that a considerable number of Jesuit fathers and lay and ecclesiastical students are expected to arrive before Christmas. Mrs. Stapleton Brotherton (says *Catholic Opinion*) has received many anonymous letters threatening to burn down her house should the Jesuits be received within its walls. Some three-quarters of a century ago the mansion and estate of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, were in like manner placed at the disposal of the Jesuits who were driven from France at the time of the first Revolution, by its owners the Welds, into whose hands it had come by marriage from the Shireburnes, the heiress of that ancient house having married one of their ancestors, William Weld, in 1672.

According to the biographical work published by M. Armand Chevalier under the title *Nos Deputés*, the French National Assembly contains two Princes, (Orleans,) seven dukes, thirty counts, eighteen barons, and ninety-seven other noblemen. Classed according to occupations, there are 163 landed proprietors, 155 barristers, 48 manufacturers, contractors, and iron-masters, 45 officers of the army, 35 judges or former judges, 25 engineers, 23 medical men, 21 professors, 19 notaries and ex-notaries, 16 wholesale warehousemen, 14 naval officers, 10 attorneys, 5 bankers, 2 ship-owners, 2 apothecaries, 1 bishop, 1 parish priest, 1 Protestant clergyman, 1 silk-spinner, 1 chiseler, 1 former compositor, 1 silk-weaver, 1 dealer in jewelry, 1 ex-tax-collector, and 1 dealer in soft goods. The rest of the deputies are *servants*, journalists, authors, and ex-officials of former Governments. M. Pory-Papy, the Deputy for Martinique, is a negro.

A telegram from Vienna announces the arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh at Gemunden, where the royal family of Hanover is at present residing. According to *Galignani* the journey of His Royal Highness is said to have a matrimonial object, and already the approaching betrothal of the English Prince with a daughter of King George is spoken of. If the news of that alliance should be verified, the marriage would be a family one, for the reigning dynasty of Great Britain is of the House of Hanover. The Union would, at the same time, be a political one, for the Prince is presumptive heir to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, just as the Guelph dynasty has rights of succession to the Duchy of Brunswick. King George has two daughters—Princess Frederica, born in 1848, and Princess Maria, born in 1859.

A man cannot afford to be unfaithful under any circumstances. A man cannot afford to be mean at any time. A man cannot afford to do less than his best at all times and under all circumstances. No matter how wrongfully you are placed, and no matter how unjustly you are treated, you cannot, for your own sake, afford to use anything but your better self, nor to render anything but your better service. You cannot afford to cheat a cheater. You cannot afford to lie to a liar. You cannot afford to be mean to a mean man. You cannot afford to do other than to deal uprightly with any man, no matter what exigencies may exist between him and you. No man can afford to be anything but a true man, living in his higher nature, and acting from the noblest considerations.—*H. W. Beecher.*

To Whom will this Apply?—He who in taking to himself a wife has forgotten to caress his mother; he who in listening to the sweet love-tones of his life's partner, has forgotten that his mother yearns for a loving word daily, or, if in a distant home, looks earnestly for the weekly or semi-weekly letters which *should* be; he who in setting the perplexing questions which increasing cares will bring, forgets to consult her who all his life has borne his griefs, shielded him from harm, and directed his footsteps; he who in taking upon him new pleasures, new cares, new relationships, forgets all the old sources of joy, the trustworthy protectors from trouble, the dear ties of long-tried kindred—he, I say, is a loss which, to a mother still loving with her intensest love, still hoping, still praying, is inexpressible.

Come back, lost son! 'Tis not enough for you to say, "I have not wandered; I have not forgotten; I do love my old friends the same as ever." There is a very true old saying, "Actions speak louder than words." But your case is not irretrievable. Your wife is not to blame for your conduct. Your wife's family is not responsible for your dereliction. Your heart has not grown cold or bad. You have simply fallen into a habit of negligence that leads you from your most unselfish, your most undying of earthly lovers—*your mother*. Even if it requires you to take a few minutes from your recreation at home, from the pleasant chat with wife, or frolic with first-born, still take it to let "mother" know she yet holds her loved place in your heart. Though business presses, and brains and hands are busy with the bustle and industry of life, you will lose nothing by taking a few moments to make a call, or write a line that will cheer the hearts at the old home.—*Hearth and Home.*